




Rustic

Rhymes

—
REVISED EDITION

—
J. Swillie.





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—BY—

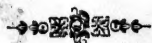
J. Smillie.



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RUSTIC RHYMES.



MOTHER.

AMONG earth's fondly cherished words
Can there be any other,
With golden memories more suffused,
Than the name of Mother ?

The riper fruits of life's career
Develop from the seed,
Sown by her kindly, gentle hand,
In early years of need.

Around her circles moulding youth—
"The father of the man."
Fond recollections ever cling,
Since memory's trace began.

Ten thousand miles can ne'er dissolve
The early tender ties,
Which seem to strengthen as we dwell
Beneath the southern skies.

No miles or years can ever curb
The elastic power of thought ;
Or mixing of life's struggles cloud
The precepts that she taught.

Oft in Australian beds I dream
Of places far away,
Then in the gum tree's shade I think
I'd like to homeward stray.

But shades come o'er the fondest wish
To clasp long-parted hands,
For change's pencil tells its tale
On life's remaining sands.

Near fragrant wattles, ever green,
Close by Pacific waves,
The final marbled touch I see
Above some peaceful graves.

Ah ! through the cycling sweep of years,
What more can mar our joy
Than vanished days will ne'er recur
Again, as when a boy.

LAMENTATION.

ALAS ! for life's uncertain joys,
That touch alike both girls and boys,
We hear around in every breath
The sure, unwelcome tread of death.

Ah ! why should loved ones bear defeat,
While nature teems our wants to meet ?
Why no escape from deepest gloom—
No ending but the silent tomb ?

BELFAST IN AUSTRALIA.

FORMERLY CALLED PORT FAIRY.

TO the town of Belfast I've rambled at last,
Like an Arab I'm seldom at rest ;
But I'll wait a few days to gather relays,
And put up at the "Star of the West."

I prefer the hotel which aims to excel,
For the pleasures of home I have none ;
Far better your lot though you dwell in a cot,
Than the life of a poor rolling stone.

Your sources of wealth are conducive to health,
The position is right by the sea ;
No frosty winds blow o'er white shrouds of snow,
Where all nature exults to be free.

Your gardens are nice I've been over them twice,
Once alone by the light of the moon ;
The beautiful flowers, mid grand shady bowers,
Are as gushing as lovers who spoon.

Now before six o'clock I'll just do the block,
And take stock of the sights to be seen ;
The best of them all are on bank and church wall—
The rich ivy incasements of green.

No sacred steeple and very few people,
No gorgeous blustering array ;
But the click of the cart goes right to the heart,
For what e'er the cart carries holds sway.

The produce of toil from the richest of soil,
On the wharves of Port Fairy may be ;
Port Fairy unique ! round the world you may seek,
For a port more secure from the sea.

TO A LADY.

AT MAPLE GROVE, CANADA.

ALL lovely and fair, with whom to compare,
Is the queen of the maple trees ;
Whose life in the glade of the leafy shade
Is as quiet as the gentle breeze.

One beautiful fall, when I chanced to call,
You met me, as charming and gay
As flowers whose bloom gives early perfume
To the glorious month of May.

Your eyes, darkly bright, are full of delight,
Expressing whole volumes of fun ;
While your graceful ways well merit some praise
From acquaintances every one.

With ringlets so fine that seem to entwine
Your head like a garland of flowers,
You move in your sphere without a compeer,
To brighten the darkest of hours.

You're always so kind, so pure and refined,
That many will flock to your side ;
Yet some who are near may doubtfully fear
To ask if you'll e'er be their bride.



FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

WHERE ? gentle echo, answer where ?
Beneath what sunny skies,
Can there be aught to move us more
Than woman's sparkling eyes ?

Glances from thy radiant orbs
Aye fill me with delight ;
Like softest beams from morning sun,
That chase away the night.

The choicest flowers of woodland
With you can ill compare,
Whose winning face is almost wreathed
By wavy golden hair.

But I may drop my pencil, for
The pen has ne'er been seen,
That can portray the loveliness
Of our Australian queen.



ADRIFT IN THE STREETS.

A City arab, half naked and starved,
Coiled up on the Adelaide flags ;
For a pillow the end of a doorstep—
Poor shivering bundle of rags.

Theatre goers were hurrying home,
The streets were becoming less gay ;
Occasional glances only were cast
Where that scrap of mortality lay.

But an outcast woman, plying for hire
Mid haunts where the dissolute roam,
Lifted this waif from his cold, stony bed,
With pity and carried him home.

Like a wilted flower whose bloom is shed,
Her nature society may crush ;
But just by her kindness measure yourselves,
Then hang down your faces and blush,

For high sounding name or social degree,
Can never such action surmount ;
No selfish achievement of rich or poor
At the last great judgment shall count.

But when past the milestones of time she flies,
And knocks at the beautiful gate,
With her arms around this innocent child,
Will the angels ask her to wait ?

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL.

THE ILL-FATED POET OF N.S.W.

AMONG all those of jingling rhyme,
To which we raise the cup,
The name of Kendall surely calls
Australian fullness up.]

For where beneath the Southern Cross,
In songs that have been sung,
Have truer keynotes sounded forth
Than those which he has rung?

Think of the tiny infant twin,
By Ulladullah's beach,
Then of the halos of the man,
Around the world that reach.

Who could imagine yon slab hut,
With life so full of care,
Sheltered the richest seedling gem
His native land could bear.

Or who, in watching boyhood years,
With poverty beset,
Could guess the shaping of that mind,
Diffusing sweetness yet.

For visions of his pen loom up
In bush of dusky green,
Or float on blueish purple haze
The mountain crags between.

We hear his voice in foamy waves,
Or in the rippling brook ;
And see his footprints by the moss
That grows in sheltered nook.

He speaks from sombre solitudes,
In words so sweetly clear,
That all may see, whate'er his faults,
His heart was most sincere.

But, ah ! his strangely restless brain,
Too often did rebound,
To plunge itself in Bacchus' streams,
Where manhood's hopes were drowned.

And so the song he might have sung,
To "woodland music set,
As beautiful as afternoon,
Remains unwritten yet."

Near Crogee Bay he quietly sleeps,
Through sunshine, storm, or rain,
While surging billows sing for him
Some wierdly grand refrain.



THE WATTLE TREE IN BLOOM.

BLOOMING wattle, freely swaying,
Flossy branches hanging low,
In the silver moonlight waving,
While September breezes blow.

Fairy-like and all fantastic,
Dancing to a measure gay
Wafted from the hillside yonder,
Where the happy lovers stray.

Graceful almost as the willows,
That o'er brook or tombstone weep;
But the laughter-loving wattle
Cares not sombre watch to keep.

In the sunlight brightly yellow,
By the moonlight softly bright,
Treasure of the poet's fancy,
Dressed in beauty day and night.

Permeating breath of spring time,
With thy fragrance pure and sweet;
Busy bees around thee humming,
When the day is at its heat.

Where in numbers many gathered
Over hillside, vale or plain,
Like a saffron sea unsettled,
Undulating as the main.

Flower and shrub and vine about thee,
Bloom in season fair to see,
But, Australians ever proudly
Point us to the wattle tree.

IMPROMPTU LINES

TO A VICTORIAN POSTMISTRESS.

WHEN through the office pigeon hole
I saw your face divine,
A twinge of sorrow quickly wrung
This lonely heart of mine.

I cared not for the slight mistake
That did my steps retard,
As I got out a silver coin
To buy just one post card.

For memory quickly shadowed forth
A girl who looked like you ;
Whose parting words beyond the sea
Were, "Dearest, I'll be true."

But like illusions of the plain,
Or mists in morning air,
Her spirit fled from earth away
Far up the golden stair.



A REVERIE.

AS we rub up our minds on the fast-fleeting past,
To the far away north a look homeward we cast ;
And we see o'er the billows yon distant grey shore,
With outlines of faces we may never see more.

For the issues of life are encircled in gloom,
Or unwound like a thread as we pass to the tomb ;
And the curtain of time is so quickly unfurled,
Many changes must come e'er we get round the world.

We remember the parting—that clasping of hands,
While we canter along on the bright golden sands;
Then we dream of yon eyes that so fondly met ours,
As we rest in the shade of Australian bowers.

Oh sweet dreams so ecstatic! bright pictures you send
Of days that are gone transient visions you lend.
But the morning dispels the re-unions so sweet,
And the phantom lies broken like glass at our feet.

Yes, the visions of night must give place to the day,
Like the mist o'er the hills that is rolling away
O'er draperies of ivy and creepers so fine,
That encircle tall trees and their branches entwine.

Here the lovely wild tulip is found in the shade
Of the fine scented wattle that blooms in the glade;
Where the wallaby starts at the sound of our feet,
In his very odd manner to make a retreat.

See the graceful black swan by the river's green brink,
Where the wild kangaroo passes down for a drink;
And the beautiful tree-ferns beyond in the glen,
Where the sun never reaches before nine or ten.

Mark the home of the squatter—his thousands of
sheep,
Are in number like shells by the wash of the deep;
See the falls o'er the rocks—the Alps mountains
that rise,
Like rough columns of granite built up to the skies.

See the city of Melbourne before you go forth,
To take in its compeer further up to the north;
Its streets, gardens, "The Cup," and its mansions
of stone,
In the history of cities stand forward alone.

But of all the confusions, just try to get through,
The gnarled city of hills beyond Woolloomooloo ;
We are lost and bewildered, yes, Sala was right,
It is best shadowed forth "in a dream" of the night.

What a ramified harbour ! That arm of the sea,
Jutting in from the Heads like the branch of a tree ;
What wonderful coves in every direction !
Affording all vessels such stately protection.

Here the flags of all nations float out on the breeze,
Exultant of victory o'er rough swelling seas ;
And the dusky green hills rolling up from the beach,
I am sure that no finer the rambler can reach.

So friends we left farewell o'er that rough blue abyss,
While we seek golden wreaths from such a land as
this ;
Still while we ramble on, fond memory wanders back,
To conjure up the scenes across life's beaten track.

LOVE.

IN nature's wide and vast domain,
Enthroned in heaven above,
And borne on angel's downy wings,
Is the golden thread of love.

It comes from that eternal source,
Remote from human eye,
To radiate this vale of tears
Where all are doomed to die.

'Twas love that moved the Son of God
To leave the Elysian spheres ;
'Tis love returned that foster's faith,
In the joys of future years.

Its sunshine gladdens all we see,
And cheers life's weary hours,
And on the brow of beauty's bloom
It plants its choicest flowers.

'Tis it that first unfolds the charms,
Which we in others find ;
The same that smoothly chisels out
And elevates the mind.

It shines in characters of gold
Around the hero's grave,
"And stereotypes in memory's hall
The actions of the brave."

It prompts us on to generous acts,
And leads us to exclaim,
"Begone the time when love shall kneel
To royalty, wealth or fame !"

For naught can wake its sweetest lays,
But Beauty's graceful charms ;
Fit company they, methinks to sleep
Clasped in each others' arms.

Then let us all united be
With all our love unfurled,
To help to wind the silken chain
Of friendship round the world.

And scorned be he, within whose breast
No kind accord is found ;
Who finds no pleasure mid the scenes
And glories that abound.

For beauty has a charm for all,
A charm that wins the heart,
And love's best aim has ever been
To find a counterpart.

TO AN IDEAL.

WHILE yet unseen I think you queen
Of all the lovely forms,
Which art and nature persevere,
In fancy's hall to make appear—
A guardian angel very dear,
Amid life's gathering storms.

Oh ! For more light or clearer sight
On those magnetic powers,
Whose fairy shadows when they glance,
Through fancy shades of some romance,
Waft inspirations which entrance,
Through many happy hours.

What mystic art steals o'er the heart
Like breathings from above ?
Awaking that "bonanza"—hope,
Arresting on each downward slope,
And armouring with foes to cope,—
Can it be aught but love ?

Transcendent light breaks o'er the night,
Of life's dark misty way,
By some seraphic Cupid borne,
To homes where inmates quietly mourn,
Or lands where freedom's cause is torn
And tottering with decay.

In this new land, supremely grand—
Where freedom's cause is wise ;
No galling sores of former years,
Or aching heart that calls for tears,
Should be where sadness disappears,
Before the joys that rise.

'Mong flowery bloom we may assume,
No loneliness should be—
For nature breaks its icy chains,
Where such supernal summer reigns,
And every rivulet remains,
As liquid as the sea.

Then, why should we so often be
Tied down to old world rule ?
Imagination's wings are wide,
And like a gentle dove may glide,
To where ideals for e'er abide,
Beyond the olden school.

It may be well to sometimes dwell,
With ideals pure and high,
Approaching in some manner sweet,
The robed in white we hope to meet,
In ivory paved or jasper street,
When travelling by-and-bye.

So grandly true I'll cling to you,
In every thought and prayer,
Assured by graces so divine,
That every touch will more refine,
And help me upward like the vine,
Through fragile waves of air.

For you're the queen o'er all I've seen,
Effulgent young and gay,
With wavy hair of nut-brown hue,
And lambent eyes of liquid blue,—
Fair index of a soul as true,
As crystal light of day.

Who dares to think life's strongest link
Has e'er with time grown cold ?
That current of electric thought,
With such a priceless treasure fraught,
As millionaire has never bought,
With all his wealth of gold.

Then fairy dear with no compeer,
When wandering fancies meet,
Life's crimson rivers justly try
To win what rubies cannot buy,
And make each with the other vie,
The victory to complete.



A FADED FLOWER.

NO red rose or yellow rose,
Or pinky rose or white,
Yet sweet as any flower that grows,
And once as fragrant, I suppose—
This withered flower to-night.

None purer or more tender,
Or fitted more to wear,
Than was this from vine so slender
Interlaced in fronded splendor,
By spray of maiden-hair.

No blue flower or violet flower,
Or other flower than white,
Could serve the purpose of the hour,
So well as this from woodbine bower,
A month ago to-night.

Naught so fragile now or frail,
Or surer to decay,
Yet still a memory you regale,
And but for that you'd wholly fail,
To please another day.

ADIEU TO 1890.

A GAIN a year has taken flight
And gone beyond recall—
As many watch-tower vigil kept,
Or careless natures quietly slept,
Another joyous season swept,
Across the festive hall.

The Austral sky is clear and bright,
Australian woods are green ;
The many colored flowers are out,
And laughing pic-nic parties shout,
Where balmy zephyrs blow about
Each fair or dusky queen.

How strange the contrast with the land,
Where boys and girls we played ;
O'er snowy mantle, cold and white,
'Mid pendant icicles so bright,
Or round the fire on wintry night,
E'er to the south we strayed.

Here much in nature seems reversed,
With seasons upside down ;
A Christmas time with summer days,
Puts on the whole a different phase,
And we can little feeling raise
Or recollections drown.

But while our feelings homeward run,
We bow with easy grace,
To genial clime of sunny land,
Wherein there is so much that's grand,
Although tradition's hoary hand,
Few moss clad relics trace.

Soon feastings and reunions o'er,
With holidays that fly ;
How fast recurring seasons run,
While on the brink of ninety-one,
We face new work that must be done,
So vanished year good-bye.

PARTING LINES.

Suggested by the remark of a lady while looking
at the picture, "Love and Death" in the
Melbourne Art Gallery.

HOW fast the happy hours go by,
While hearts beat side by side ;
How pleasant life would always be,
With those we ever wish to see,
And in whose care we feel quite free
From all the world aside ?

But ah ! The fates have so decreed,
That bliss must end in pain—
The blushes that suffuse the cheek,
Are gone e'er we have time to speak,
Like water down a rippling creek,
To ne'er return again.

Then of the trials that wring us most,
 Around, within, above ;
 Of every pang we are aware,
 Of all the wrenchings that can tear ;
 Can there be aught more hard to bear
 Than leaving those we love ?

The painter's picture fades away,
 "So too our love must die ;"
 But more than yet we think or feel,
 Around the parting hour shall steal,
 And after years may fail to heal
 The wounds of one good-bye.

PRESENTATION LINES.

Written for Miss Clare, manageress of the Federal
 Palace Hotel, Melbourne, on a copy of Ken-
 dall's Poems, which she was send-
 ing to a gentleman friend.

This little book I choose for you,
 And send it now with care,
 In hopes that you'll within it find,
 Some word or sentence to remind
 You of a friend you left behind,
 Who still remains *Miss Clare*.

THE ALBION HOTEL,

VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.

ONCE spirits that congenial run,
 Were met in this hotel,
 Where old or young may have begun
 Their downward tramp to hell,
 Still social custom prompted one
 To ring the parlor bell.

Miss Lindemann so sweet and fair,
On whom we love to look,
Responding came with frizzled hair
And face like picture book,
Then briefly left us to prepare
The whiskey hot we took.

What like a maid or sparkling wine,
Can drive dull care away ?
The trouble is to draw the line
And temperate laws obey,
For oft indulgence must incline
To whirlpools of dismay.

Soon kindled friendship was aflame,
And time flew quickly by ;
All asked in turn the drinks to name,
Each comrade made reply ;
Till lo ; we heard the dainty dame
And felt her presence nigh.

But the closing hour comes steady,
Unlike her pattering tread ;
For the scrumpy dame is heady,
And how often she has said,
"Now gentlemen when you're ready,"
Like kids be off to bed.

TO AN ACTRESS.

A LAS ! Again a magic queen
Has vanished from our track—
Like meteor flash across the sky,
She raised our expectations high,
To further fall and wilt and die,
Still memory calls her back.

She sings and plays with matchless grace,
And fills as well her part,
With manner calm as glassy seas,
In every move attuned to please—
With conscious power she acts with ease
And ne'er forgets her art.

With cultured grace she soon commands
Each fatal artful charm,
For ever in each passing hour
She'll far o'er artless girlhood tower,
And with more majesty of power,
All weaker ones disarm.

But, ah ! like lily soft and white,
Too easily stained and spoiled ;
Her classic face and golden hair,
In witching ways designed with care,
Have been her doom and led her where
Her charms to-day are soiled.

LAUGHTER.

At the request of "Ray," a literary lady the author
had not met.

HE-he-he, All hail ye joyful strain,
Of symphonies in dwelling—
Symptoms of mirth excelling—
Electrically telling—
The dusty past compelling,
To vanish and keep its pain.

Ho-ho-ho, What faces some can draw !
When jolly, droll and shaking,
Convulsing and awaking—
Fibrous muscles aching—
Contortions ever breaking
O'er a face I never saw.

Ha-ha-ha, Aye hold the spirit nigh,
While faces are confessing,
Conditions need no guessing—
No condimental dressing,
For features want no pressing
When you 'wink the other eye.'

Tra-la-la, Ye laughing few so gay,
Like ceaseless wave of ocean,
For ever in emotion,
And dashing o'er devotion,
Or sentimental notion,
With jovial sunlight "Ray."

TO "HONOR."

A Lady 23, who advertised for a husband over 40.

I wonder are you dark or fair,
With wavy, straight or curly hair,
And is your disposition kind
With face and figure well defined ;
With manner calm and temper mild,
With vice a stranger undefiled.

I wonder if I'll be surprised
At reasons why you advertised,
And for a "hubby" growing old,
With habits set to former mould,
And youthful charms like fading flower,
Bereft of all their grace and power ?

I wonder if you understand
Union of heart as well as hand,
Or blendings of magnetic dreams,
That two should meet like parted streams,
And so commingle as they run,
That down the future both are one ?

I wonder if you're English born,
Or if engagement rings you've worn ;
Or if you now are quite sincere,
And aiming always to revere,
In choosing such a nom-de-plume,
The implied goodness you assume ?

I wonder if you are sedate,
Or would be lively as a mate,
Or if to church you often go,
Like many more to see the show ;
Or if you are more good and wise,
With pleasing look and sparkling eyes ?

I wonder, too, if we shall meet,
In garden, park or on the street ;
And if I'll know you to be she,
Who sent a little note to me,
Or if the future shall reveal
The fancied picture I would steal.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

I was either to visit "Doone" on a certain evening,
or write some verses. Mrs. Jenkins was the
hostess and Miss Willett a teacher
boarding there.

"GREAT Scott" and high Jenks,
'Tis hard to decide
The best thing to do,
With no one to guide.

"Willing" and "fortunes,"
And "whist" on the brain,
Distract or confuse
While memories remain.

Ah ! "will it" continue,
Or die away soon,
This charm of romance
Now centered at "Doone ?"

Come fill up my cup
And give me some wine,
For I must cheer up
And never repine.

While lily white hand
Of musical touch,
Gracefully gentle,
Can move me so much.

Were I less bashful,
And more seen aright,
I'd never think twice,
But come out to-night.

DAWNING '93.

ON A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

MAY your new year be bright and clear,
 As on its brink we stand ;
 May ninety-three for you and me,
 All cherished hopes expand.

AN ITALIAN FLOWER GIRL.

HERE'S to one as full of fun,
 As fairy girl can be ;
 Whose hazel eyes I can't disguise,
 I'll often wish to see.

TO MR. BEAVER,

169 VICTORIA ST., SYDNEY, AUST.

WHEN far away from this green land,
 Across the great blue sea,
 You'll have this tracing of my hand,
 And kindest thoughts from me.

TO A GOVERNESS.

NO stately belle or tall belle,
Or belle with golden hair,
Yet her gentle ways excel
More than pen of mine can tell,
Or spoken words declare.

No blueish eye or gray eye,
Or lashes drooping down ;
Yet in sparkling glances lie,
That for which some men would die—
Love's tale in hazel brown.

No gaudy swell or vain swell,
Or beauty half asleep ;
Yet in her attractions dwell,
Holding with magnetic spell,
The love she fain would keep.

No other ring but gold ring,
And brooch and bangle rare ;
Yet o'er these her love can bring
Sweetness like the breath of Spring,
Through Sydney's evening air.

No present time or past time,
Or time that is no more ;
Yet a future more sublime,
Waits for her in far off clime,
Upon that distant shore.



Acrostics.



TO ANNIE.

A—s link by link is broken,
N—ever to weld again,
N—ew cares shall aye betoken,
I—n hosts of ways ne'er spoken,
E—mbers of lingering pain.

TO ALICE.

A—ll peachy, pearly, beautiful,
L—ike blossoms passing by ;
I—nstilling what I can't explain—
C—an language reach the quick refrain,
E—xpressed in clear blue eye ?

TO BERTIE.

B—ertie, devotion and love,
E—ver I'll try to revere ;
R—emain ye romances that charm,
T—o take away mystified fear,
I—n confidence where is the harm
E—njoying the best that is here ?

TO CISSIE.

C—are has touched that handsome face,
I—nviting wrinkles there—
S—ummer suns are casting now,
S—ilent shades across your brow ;
I—nch by inch you'll have to bow,
E—nslaved beyond repair.

TO ETHEL.

E—ver in the years to come,
T—his name shall yet recall,
H—ours of pleasure or of pain—
E—venings coming not again—
L—ost, save in memory's hall.

TO EVA.

E—ver so lively and merry and gay,
V—ivifying angel too far away,
A—float in a boat on Toronto bay.

TO EMILY.

E—ver so loving your love I return,
M—adonna the queen of my heart ;
I—n quiet sheltered lane come meet me again,
L—ast flame of delight, sweet vision of night,
Y—our rhapsodies there to impart.

TO LILA.

ne face,

L—ila, dear Lila, so bright and so true,
I—n your life I'll hide all my fears ;
L—ife shall gain something reflected from you,
A—ll down the swift current of years.

TO MAUD.

M—any a girl like sweetest rose,
A—lone may bloom and die,
U—ncared for as time quickly goes,
D—rying life's channels dry.

TO MAGGIE.

y,

M—ay that magnetic face of yours,
A—ll bygone looks repeat,
G—lowing without a thought of harm—
G—enerous thoughts from heart so warm,
I—mbued with woman's noblest charm,
E—ffulgent Marguerite.

TO MONA.

,
;
me again,
n of night,

M—ona is serenely gay,
O—h ! such a lovely style,
N—o opening buds of June or May
A—re sweeter than her smile.

TO NAOMI.

N—ightingale or Skylark,
A—nd birds of every hue ;
O—range groves and flowery park,
M—isty seem as after dark,
I—n halos shed by you.

TO NELLIE.

N—ow that life's crimson tide is high,
E—'er hearts become more slow,
L—et golden moments as they fly,
L—ike swiftest birds across the sky,
I—nspire you ever on to try,
E—xcelsior to go.

TO NICHOLAS.

An elderly gentleman, known as "Nick," who had a weakness for kissing girls, "just in a fatherly way."

N—icknames may tease, while pet ones,
I—ntended but for chums,
C—an wield a power and fetch us,
H—ow nice when "darling" comes,
O—'er ruby lips yet sweeter—
L—ips sweet to meet to kiss—
A—las ! that pouting loveliness,
S—hould ever bar us this.

TO RUBY.


R—ed as a ruby, white as a pearl,
U—niform lines and dimples of cheek ;
B—eautiful blendings sought in a girl,
Y—et over all are eyes that can speak.

TO VIOLET.

V—iolets purple, white and blue,
I—nwreath their central figure you,
O—nly white can symbolize,
L—ove's modest charm that never dies.
E—ver faithful blue have chimed,
T—o thoughts of you the purple climbed.

TO A WIDOW.

W—here's love's solace but for hope,
I—n your most lonely sphere ?
D—on't you think the broken link,
O—utworn, lost or backward tossed,
W—here fancies new appear.



THE SYDNEY UNEMPLOYED,

DURING THE CRISIS OF 1893.

AH ! words expressive mark them well,
No matter rich or poor,
Sad human wrecks each day are seen
In streets or lanes or parks of green,
And yet how many intervene
Their rescue to secure ?

Some remnant drifts of other lands,
Far from their native shore,
Here drifting come or drifting go,
Each face with an expressive woe,
Which none but those who feel can know,
And they ne'er felt before.

Such are the objects of despair,
Disconsolate and worn,
So far below high water mark,
Each fails to steer his little bark
Away from that abyss of dark,
To which so quickly borne.

Here pen and pencil too are weak,
And English tongue must fail,
The baffled, shattered, wretched man,
With listless eye and cheek so wan,
Yet ever willing if he can,
Alone can tell the tale.

Oh ! why such anxious, careworn looks,
In lands so fair to see ?
Full many a broken family tie,
Shall yet proclaim more loudly, why,
Beneath a bright Australian sky,
Such things should ever be.

TO THE MEMORY OF DR. BOULTER,

ONE OF STIRLING'S PIONEER PILLARS.

"Friend after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end."

—MONTGOMERY.

BEHOLD in the gloom of destruction and doom,
Even nations have dwindled away ;
And the fairest flower of the maple tree bower,
Must unsparingly meet with decay.

Thus links are undone and this wreath is for one,—
A neighbor most honest and true,
Removed from this clime through the portals of time,
To the grandest eternal review.

Too tender and pure he could hardly endure,
Life's battles and burdens and tears,
So like millions more he has gone on before,
To transcendently beautiful spheres.

New light lit his eye as he bade us good-bye,
E'er life's feeble pulsations were o'er ;
In the morning grey then he wandered away
To that fragrant Elysian shore.

From death's sombre seal there's no court of appeal—
No retracing the old beaten track ;
The works of his hand will be seen in the land,
But when'er shall the wanderer come back ?

Full many a spring to the meadows will bring
Scented blossoms to perfume the breeze,
And fine shades of green will returning be seen,
Breaking forth o'er the tops of the trees.

And then every fall to the forest will call
Finest tinges of yellow and brown ;
Yonder sun will rise encircling the skies,
And as often resplendent go down.

But, alas ! that voice no more bids us rejoice,—
Very silent its cadences now ;
And no rolling years can awake any fears,
O'er the tomb of that mouldering brow.

For his sun has set and his fate we regret,
While each sad bereft relative mourns ;
His warfare is o'er, he has gone to that shore,
"From whose bourn no traveller returns."

Ah ! many may mourn when a war ship is torn,
On the reefs of the raging billow ;
Yet some eyes will weep o'er the ashes that sleep,
In the shade of the weeping willow.

A MEMORY.

'TIS but an angel whisper
Of out-worn past delight,
For ever falling over us
As quiet as shades of night.

'Tis but a spirit shadow
Across the dial of life,—
Across the lingering traces,
Of joy or pain or strife.

'Tis but a treasured picture
In recollection's hall,—
A miniature expanding,
Where'er the light may fall.

'Tis but the soul communing
With visions of the past,—
The cherished touch we used to feel,
On earth too good to last.

'Tis but another phantom,
As fragile as a breath,
The fragrance of a broken charm,
More hard to bear than death.

'Tis saddest when reminding
Of by-gone better things,
For "a sorrow's crown of sorrow"
Then broods on memory's wings.

LOVE.

RECONSTRUCTED.

WHAT is love that all the world
Thinks so much about it ?
What is love that you or I
Ne'er can do without it ?

What is love that angel forms
Use their charms to catch it ?
What is love that ripen years
Still incline to watch it ?

What is love that it can be
Changeful as the weather ?
Is it joy or is it pain ?—
Maybe both together.

Is it sentiment or song,
Or closer magic spell ?
For two souls, ecstatic bliss,
Or for one, a Hell ?

Love's a tyrant and a slave—
Affection's flowery treasure ;
Having it we know no peace,
Wanting it no pleasure.

Would we shun it if we could ?
Well ! I rather doubt it ;
Jove ! I'd sooner bear its pain
Than I'd live without it.

TO A LADY

Who when driving one evening, on a road afterwards often travelled, called a black pig which followed the buggy.

A—rose bud, a black pig,
N—ow what comes or goes,
N—ever may my eyes grow dim
I—nterchanging looks with him,
E—'er I see the rose.

TO "THE ROSE."

ALL beautiful this western star,
A court whose form would grace ;
Awaking flames and fancies new,
Awaking feelings soft and true,
Awaking with those eyes of blue,
And that expressive face.

Now listen to my song again,
Nor think it insincere ;
New is the stand I fain would take,
New as the morning light can break,
No fancied actor half awake,
Now dreamy dreams are clear.

No mystic picture now is seen,
No lengthy rhyme to tire,
No selfish motive can I feel,
Nor feelings better to conceal,
Nor aught I here may not reveal,
No look but to admire.

In rainbow tinted uniform,
Immortal spark of air,—
In interchanging glances seen,
In blushing shades of red between,
In ruby lips the tempting queen,
Inwreathed beyond compare.

Each rose's fragrance fades away,
Each spangled butterfly,
Each humming bird may come and go,
Each summer chase away the snow,
Each rosy cheek shall paler grow,
E'er charms like yours shall die.

FACES WE MEET.

SOME are like a picture book,
Some deeper splendor show,
Some are sour in every look
And colder than the snow.

Some look but like the devil,
And hardened lines are seen,
Some faces are not civil
And more like grass are green.

Some conceit alone can show,
Vain weakness marks their look,
They haven't seen what others know
From nature's open book.

Some are blithe and always gay,
Cheering with their laughter.
Yet their brightness fades away,
Leaving nothing after.

Some are heavy worn with care,
And like the yellow leaf,
Passing shadows of despair,
Whose happy days were brief.

So the faces come and go
Along life's busy street,
Some indifference only show
Among the hosts we meet.

Yet behind the flashing glance,
Felt divinely beaming,
Some with sunlit eyes that dance,
Leave us lost in dreaming.

And a face we think about,
One face above them all,—
The face we cannot live without,
The one we most recall.

LOOKING BACK.

WHEN looking back from unborn years
All guilt with hopes sublime ;
These verses may suffice to show
How little now we seem to know,
Of much commingled joy and woe,
Across the wastes of time.

If from the darkening shades of doubt,
New light shall make us free,
Then sorrow's waves may all be lost,
Behind the vast amount it cost,
To steer the skiff on which we crossed
O'er life's white crested sea.

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Contents.



	PAGE
MANUSCRIPTS	5
LANDSCAPE	6
BIRD IN AUST.	7
THE LADY	8
FOR LADY'S ALBUM	9
ADVICE IN THE STREETS	10
H. KENDALL	11
THE WATTLE TREE IN BLOOM	13
IMPERIUM LINES.. .. .	14
A BEVERIE	14
LOVE	16
TO AN IDEAL	18
A BROAD FLOWER	20
ADVICE TO 1890	21
PARTING LINES	22
PRESENTATION LINES	23
THE ALBION HOTEL	23
TO AN ACTRESS	24
LAUREL	25
"HONOR"	26
THE ALTERNATIVE	28
THE '98	29
THE ALBAN FLOWER GIRL	29
THE BEAVER	29
THE GOVERNESS	30
THE	31-35
WHY UNEMPLOYED	36
THE MEMORY OF DR. BOULTER	37
THE	39
THE RECONSTRUCTED	40
THE LADY	41
WE MEET	42
THE BACK	43

Introductory.



THESE short poems have been written during the intervals of a rambling and busy life among many faces and places of two hemispheres, and are thus re-arranged, while attending to other duties, without sufficient time for careful revision.

Publishing them in view of such high conceptions as poetry being "the indirect expression of that which cannot be directly expressed," or inspired sunbeams from fancy's isles of light, or

"There is a river in the range
We love to think about,
Perhaps the searching feet of change
Have never found it out."

The author feels he many have fallen entirely short of any poetic touch, still in his efforts, often affording a quietly pleasant pastime, he can console himself by claiming kin to many who have also sought, with varying success, the utopian river of their dreams.

BRUSSELS, AUGUST 2ND, 1894.

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1894.

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ERRY STREET,